



THE OMEN

FALL STYLE ISSUE

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OCTOBER 28, 2011

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Last issue's beautiful cover was drawn by Emily S. Friedensohn. Thanks, Emily!

This Week:

Front cover: Evan Silberman + the Library of Congress baseball card collection

Back cover: Stephen Morton + the Amazing Type-Writer

"It would probably take the Pope coming out and just saying, 'I endorse child rape.'
—Evan, on schism in the R.C.C.

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EDITORIAL

Hi, everybody! Once again, I find myself tasked with writing an Omen editorial. (omitted from last sentence: the adjective "good")

So, uh, hi. For once (or twice or a lot of times whatever SHUT UP) I don't know what to write here, so I think I'll ramble about miscellany. Heck, it's always worked before. (It's not like anyone reads these things anyway, of course - that would be silly).

So we've got a good Omen issue here for you; I'm sure you'll enjoy it if you bother to read it (see last parenthetical). We've renamed Section: Hate to Section: Prato because Olivia Prato submits a whole lot to us... so naturally we'll thank her by naming a section. For one issue, at least. (Disregard that the section was previously called Hate - that shouldn't reflect on Olivia. Much.) Speaking of frequent submitters, David Axel Kurtz put a thing in here about his stupid Kickstarter. You should donate, if you like terrible, terrible writing. Or feel sorry for him, that works too.

Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: **we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous.** Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. **The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it.** Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either: so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do prom-

On a happier note, Jason Scott's Kickstarter just passed his \$100000 goal this morning, so that's cool. (What do you mean you don't know who that is!? LOOK HIM UP, INGRATES). Bitchin' documentaries await, I expect.

Well. That's all I've got. You should submit things to the Omen. Possibly, you should also suggest things to me to write for the editorial, although at least next issue it won't be me in charge so you might get something good for once. However, send both/either to omen@hampshire.edu

The Omen Loves You!

(IAN MCEWEN)

ise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. **Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views.** (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an honestly pretty adequate monitor, nowadays. You should come. We don't bite. **You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in the Dining Commons, the post office, or on the door of your mod** (if we get to putting it on doors, anyway).

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

TO SUBMIT

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu or Ian McEwen, Box 286.



Section: Speak

Automne Arrivée by Sean Tanner

caprice and occasion
whim and a breeze
never have leaves taken flight with such ease
leapt from the branches where they began
awash in life's currents, gamely they swam
downward and downward, constant they fell
always relifted by autumn's cool swell
to any observer a terrible life
a limbo of fear, apprehension and strife
but to the leaves who weather the storm
it's the adventure for which they were born



Musings of the Literary Collective Compiled by Greg Larsen

I discovered these stories Saturday night in the common area of a friend's mod after watching an hour and a half of wanton lumberjack comedy-violence in WLH. I'm convinced that, if read correctly, they can predict the future or some New-Age bullshit like that. All of the residents and frequent visitors of the mod have denied involvement in writing the pieces, which were only signed: "The Literary Collective." It likely goes without saying, but I also deny any involvement with this work beyond serving as an intermediary for its publication. So I'm left to ask: Who are these shadowy figures? What does their work mean? And, while they were in the mod, did they steal the coffee maker? Why would you steal a coffee maker? Come on. That doesn't even make sense.

But I digress. One of the pieces explicitly references this grand and noble publication, so I feel that it was likely the author or authors' intent to publish them here. Without further ado, here are the eight perplexing enigmas which constitute the only known output of the Literary Collective:

Foucault Got Jizzed On

The ocelot went to the barn to find a carrot condom to have bestial relations with a small unattractive rabbit. So he mounted the small unattractive rabbit and thrust his microscopic penis in the rabbit's anus. After the coital event, the rabbit cried because the carrots were hard to mount. So the ocelot beat the friendly sniveling rabbit with a carrot-dildo, mercilessly. Following that traumatic happening, the ocelot turned and licked a body of literature enthusiastically and exerted a profound amount of sexual jizz on the Foucauldian literary works. Yes! Foucault got jizzed on!

Complicated Feelings on Greg Larsen

Once, there wasn't a fucking Greg. Fuck. Then nothing happened. So everyone was terrified of the unknown because sometimes humanity needs a lifeline. Fucking Greg. Greg eats all of the leftovers during the Lifetime movies. Explosions often frightened poor ignorant Greg because he was a firework in a past life. Because the world needs a Greg, Greg exploded into existence. Thanks Greg. Fuck you.

Compiler's note: The fact that I have woken up without my throat slit these past few mornings seems to signify that this piece was not meant to threaten or warn me. I am still perplexed and frightened Remember, fireworks aren't legal here in Massachusetts. Even if you really, really want them to be.

Nothing Suspicious Here

If I were the Queen of the World Bank, I would frequently attend luxurious bake sales and orgies and orgasmic bake sales for the pleasure and pleasuring of baked goods. Fuck yes. Brownies. I would stick a cannoli in the gift basket of feelings and racial harmony. Because as we all know, cannolis are the friendliest baked good appearing to look like baked good. Nothing suspicious here.

Microbreweries in Your Anus

Bread deliciously engulfs and rises on other people. We love the bread people. They taste like cannibalism and yeast. When warmed in an oven these bread people doth protest. However, their delicious brownness is too wonderful to not put soy butter on. Some will say 'tis immoral to ingest the people of bread, but the protein supplies endless bounty of eggs. Those who ingest bread people can lay eggs and have microbreweries in their anuses. These skills have greatly advanced society, especially that of Hampshire College in these hard times. Indeed.

fuck commas

Today I thought I was turning into a robot. No commas. As the evening sky grew dark, my robot arm glowed. It told me that punctuation is for little bitches. Fuck punctuation fuck it so hard actually no thats my contribution and then the robot me decided to eat a cannoli so hard it was a bad choice fuck yeah continuity no deleting things.

Jacob Have I Lawled

Persian carpets are my least favorite means of transportation, because they often harmonica into the decline of Western Civilization. Or is it syphilis nation? I think so. But was there a ghost? I do not know. Orange juice is named for my deceased uncle. Orange Julius IV. He was my favorite uncle, however, he had an accident one day. It was a day of May. Very acidic and sunny also. They say to beware the Ides of March, but it was May 20th. I guess that didn't stop him. My uncle was a special kind of man. He was an orange. And also my best friend. We often liked to jump rope on the sides of tall buildings. Brains first. Splat went his brain. My brain transcended reality and sought the eternal fix in the halls of Valhal. Then I felt a sense of enlightenment. And also dread. Caught in the thrall of the Zulu king Shaka, such profound sadness catapulted me into the wall of the castle. Passionate passionate stone fell upon my brow. And thus I died by the hand of Jacob.

The Sentence of Madness

My socks turned to grey today. And so did my soul. It descended deep deep down into a shaft of... nope can't think of anything that's not a penis joke... Nothing gold can stay. Robert Frost was there. And so were you, ye reader! I may not know you yet, but I will know ye soon in the King James sense. Just please take the path less travelled. Did you know that Robert Frost once taught at Plymouth State University in the great state of New Hampshire? He used to flip heads and tails. And neither win nor lose. History is on our side. He was a profound and uninteresting man. The girl sitting next to me is a temptress. A seducing nymph of the ocean. Yeah, she's a ight. Yeah, I mean, if you're into ocean chicks and shit. Kind of fishy. Maybe if you watched too much Little Mermaid as a child. That shit's fucked up. Chauvinist. I wish I had legs. I wish my crabs talked. I wish I didn't have crabs. Where did Robert Frost go? I'm really confused. Please send help. Me. I heard that they dipped him in bronze and stood him up in Amherst. Oh fuck. The gloaming of the purple world is my favorite thing. But not really. I'm just trying to seem okay. Really I'm losing it. And I'm more than okay. I'm grrrrreat. Robert Frost will be here any minute. He's totally interesting. Like Franklin Pierce. Or other celebrities. I once knew a celebrity. His name was Robert Frost. He was an uninteresting man. When TS Eliot gets around, the land aint the only thing that gets wasted. Life is like a box of chocolates. It melts. It grows in dark places. Life is like beet it grows in dark places and then you make borscht. This is like beet.

Vladmir's Waltz

Smoking heavily on the balcony. I am a president of Russia. My hands are filled with disco fries. And I am on top of the world. Figuratively and not literally speaking, because books can't talk. But The Omen sure can! Inside my head. It rings and rings and rings and rings. Holy shit. Disco fries taste like plastic in my head. Her eyes flashed fire into my soul. And melted the glacier that was my heart. Its drippings collected inside of my abdomen forming more disco fries. Seeds of love, growing in the garden of New Jersey. Like all things from New Jersey. You must be orange. You must be artificially warm. You wouldn't put your baby in a microwave. Why would you put yourself in a microwave and get all spray tanned? That's not how spray tans work, I think. One hundred percent juice! And lemon goop! I made that shit. My mother's mother's mother made that shit. I am on top of that shit. That shit is delicious. That shit is the world. It's not really shit if you think about it. Isn't everything shit eventually? Yes. I have seen the light and it is shitty. My presidency, the state of the Union, ended abruptly when the Lemon Goop of the Ages fell onto my shoulders and made itself into disco fries. Where I stand on a balcony, dripping Realpolitik. That shit just doesn't come out. I am the president of Russia.

Compiler's note: There you have it. Literary Collective, if you're reading, I urge you to write more. You (possibly in the plural sense) have a gift for words that, if leveraged, will create the Great American Novel, bring peace to the Middle East, and fill a chaotic, indifferent world with truth and meaning. Godspeed.

Horoscopes Forever!

Allison McCarthy

Scorpio (Oct. 23rd--Nov. 21st): This week's aspects of Uranus and the Moon will cause your brilliance and preparation to shine through! No haha just kidding, there's a pretty good chance you're going to catch pinkeye.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22nd--Dec. 21st): Based on the ascendance of Mercury in opposition to your sign, 99% of people who do not call their mothers are you.

Capricorn (Dec. 22nd--Jan. 19): Clean your water bottle out or it's gonna get moldy.

Aquarius (Jan. 20th--Feb. 18th): Clean your mason jar out or it's gonna get moldy.

Pisces (Feb 19th--March 20th): It's already moldy.

Aries (March 21st--April 19th): Your wisdom is in high demand this week--your dad will call and ask you what the words to Cee-Lo Green's "Fuck You" are and it will be awkward.

Taurus (April 20th--May 20th): The other day I was driving around on a sunny day and my car peed on me from the closed skylight! What is up with that!

Gemini (May 21st--June 21st): Youuuuuuu are a superstaaaaaaaar, also maybe you might not be able to pronounce 'star' correctly, but whatever.

Cancer (June 22nd--July 22nd): What sign are you? The crab thing? I don't know, go eat some fucking salad or something.

Leo (July 23rd--Aug. 22nd): The Big Y has once again come into starboard alignment with Mercury!!!!!! Buy the big jar of Nutella this week. No longer the paltry 10 ounce. The big one.

Virgo (Aug. 23rd--Sept. 22): Don't eat that cheese. Also stay away from wild animals. So basically avoid things that are food and also things that would think you are food.

Libra (Sept. 23rd--Oct. 22nd): Did you know Liberty's Kids is streaming on Netflix? Like, all of it. What are you even doing with your life if not watching it.

Ophiuchus (???--???): Ahhhh I do not even know what to do for you--I googled you and I guess you are a snake and then I clicked something else so I guess I have an Animal Spirit for you for this week? "You are an Opossum! You can act dead when the situation demands! Take your cues from the opossum's aggression!" I did not know they were aggressive, maybe it's why they attack cars all the time???

Guerilla Arts Brigade Invitation

Adam Gottlieb

You are hereby cordially invited to join in a revolutionary movement, a family of Hampshire artists who gather to meet, discuss collaborative projects for the community, and create them... spontaneously!

The Guerrilla Arts Brigade (GAB) is a collective of Hampshire students dedicated to the use of public art as a means of raising consciousness, building community, and encouraging conversations around social justice. Our mission is to serve the Hampshire community (and the world at large) by enlivening public spaces with surprising, thought-provoking, "guerrilla-style" artistic works and performances. We will use any and all lawful means for these purposes, employing forms including but not limited to: spoken word/hip hop poetry, sidewalk art, graffiti, dance, music, sculpture/installation art, mural, theater (both visible and "invisible"), circus arts, and virtually any form of "performance art." We intend to explore/challenge social norms and boundaries that reduce human interactions to mere mechanical routines, break silences and walls that separate us in so-called "modern society," and generally spread joyful chaos through the body of our institution, enriching and inspiring our communities by infusing the banal, mundane, and monotonous aspects of daily affairs with passion, bewilderment, and wonder.

Furthermore, our mission as organized artists is to use Art as a cultural bridge, a solvent of social walls, a lingua franca or common language with which to engage in conversations across barriers and cliques in Hampshire's social makeup. We believe Art is and should be this common ground on which to build solidarity within Hampshire's diverse student body. Therefore we hope to further cultural understanding and acceptance in our community.

We are Artist-Activists. We are Peace-Poets. We are Word-Warriors. We are servants and defenders of human Love, Justice, and Democracy, and we are not afraid to confront that which is oppressive and dehumanizing. We are Idealists, meaning we are dedicated to the fulfillment of humanity's highest potential. We are definitely guilty of utopianism and dreaming. As a Brigade of Guerrilla Artists, Art is our Weapon of Mass Creation. It is the most effective tool we have for awakening the human conscience and spirit. We are here to shatter silences in which the mind sleeps, to inspire more human interactions and conversations. (In a word, to GAB).

We are the Guerrilla Arts Brigade, and we are Here!

Come GAB with us at our regular meetings every Thursday at 7:30 at the Writing Center. And keep shining, howling, and writing your heart in and around campus, whatever your form or language of artistic expression may be. This month we will be putting a piece of chalk in every mailbox, as an invitation to join the artistic conversation. So rock on, chalk on, gab on, and help us bring more beauty and community spirit to our campus!

Word. Happy gathering!

One Love,
-GAB <3

COMMUNITY COUNCIL Minutes

Working Meeting
Tuesday, 4 October 2011
3:30pm – 5:00pm
Community Council Office

Submitted by Devin Morse

Attendance

Grace Donahue
Camille Serrano
Nathan Whitmore
Devin Morse
Jimmy Lovett
Dina Spanbock
Eshe Shukura

Ugyen Lhamo
Melanie Cox
Nelson Hernandez
Connie Hildreth
Josiah Litant
Nora Nalle
Kwaku Yeboah Antwi
Leanna Pohevitz

Visitors:

Bob (Campus Police)
Ray (Campus Police)
Liz (SafeCom-ish)

Sports Co-op Budget:

The signer that came to our last meeting was unable to submit an updated budget. We hope that she will be able to submit it for our next meeting.

The Dean of Students Office has been in discussion with OPRA about their budget and the institutional funds that they have received. It is possible that Sports Co-op will actually have a much lowered funding request from SAF, at about \$3,000. Nothing is solidified, and we will wait to see the full budget before any decisions are made.

Campus Police:

WHAT TO DO ABOUT SAFECOM

Recently, we have been discussing whether or not COCD would like to collapse SafeCom and the Technology Committee under its wing. All three of these groups, individually, have a very small membership (or none) as it is.

COCD is concerned about their purview. What is it NOW? What would it look like with the addition of these tasks? How long would these changes last, as the new SGA is coming? Will this be CoCD until that change occurs?

If subcommittees are not functioning the way they should be functioning, then, in the new SGA, they might be defunct. It would be beneficial for us to work on writing-up a new CoCD purview during this working meeting. Our time would be better spent in creating ONE very beneficial subcommittee, rather than improving one's purview and doing outreach for two almost non-existent ones. Unfortunately, this would be a very council-driven initiative, without the full participation of CoCD. However, delaying the matter may be more detrimental.

It's possible for this work to naturally go hand in hand with each other. CoCD works with facilities and physical spaces, but they also take into consideration many safety standards and parameters. The duties previously given to SafeCom would be very influential within CoCD. In the past, CoCD has had community dialogues – which is different – but could also revolve around developing the community towards a safer functioning. Technology especially fits into all of this, so it just makes sense. In order to make all of this happen, it would be nice to have input from people that have worked with SafeCom – like Campus Police.

ENGAGEMENT WITH CAMPUS POLICE
Bob, throughout his first year as Director and Chief of Campus Police, has talked to most of the officers about the kinds of things that they were looking to change. Most officers would say that they would like to get to know the students better. He'd talk to students, and they would express the desire to get to know the officers. This is how he intends on running Campus Police, through community policing. The idea is that they would instead build partnerships with the members of the community and ask what they would like to see. Last semester, they put out a survey and got a decent amount of responses. SafeCom was integral in putting out this survey, and in getting the sexual harassment policy more focused and the policing of it more intense. Campus Police wants to continue to work with a group like SafeCom, because it is one of the best ways for them to get feedback directly from the students. For example, the students were not excited about them riding around in the "cruisers" so now they are on bikes, Segways, even on foot more often – another thing that came from the surveys.

THE NAME CHANGE

The officers thought that the "Public Safety" was ambiguous. Oftentimes, they would have problems with visitors and even students who were unaware of the powers that were available to Public Safety. The policies have not changed, and in total the Campus Police does not make many arrests, other than to visitors who come in and infringe our community norms.

COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT FOR SAFETY

Crime Prevention through Environmental Design (CPTED) is an important method that Campus Police would like to utilize. There are many things ways in which they could be involved that have to do with the physical spaces of our community. This supports the idea for CoCD to absorb SafeCom's purview.

Could Campus Police give us a list of things that they would like to see from a working committee on safety? Regular meetings, at least once every two weeks, where Campus Police can talk about current the current safety concerns of the community; with the momentum around the issue of sexual assault, more brainstorming sessions would be beneficial; talking about crimes of opportunity – laptops, bikes, etc.;

discussing how to implement some of these CPTED techniques; walking around and checking the lamps, emergency booths; lightning talks or semesterly meet and greets.

How can we promote membership for these committees? Think about a better way to advertise these committees in general, and what they have done. For example the organ donation drives that SafeCom hosted last semester. Talking about the community policing would be a really pleasing discussion to have.

It's important for Community Council to have a place in campus police. It's kind of exciting that they have come to us to ask us to continue the good work that they've done with students and that many more initiatives come out of an ongoing relationship.

How do we not make this a top-down thing, instead of having us do everything? We could just use this working meeting as a brainstorming session. Later, CoCD could vote to approve or deny any changes that we suggest in here.

Five Coll. Coordinating Board [Reportback]

The Five College Sixty Second Film Festival hasn't had any submissions yet from any of the five colleges – at all. This should be pitched in classes, posted through the intranet, advertised in student publications (climax, omen, etc.). They must get submissions by their next meeting, or else it's over.

We also need judges from each of the five colleges to judge the final films, in order to create a final thing. Would there be any concerns or recommendations. These judges would be professors in relevant fields and they would choose the ones that would go into the films. Students, however – in a process that has not been decided – would choose the very final finalists who would win the cash prize.

Initially, they thought that the student audience should vote for these, but they thought that that might not create the best advertisement for the Five Colleges – as many students would just pick the funniest ones. Also, logistically, it would be very difficult to make it all

happen, and many options were explored.

How will we select our faculty person? It IS a month away, so we'll wait for that.

Committee on Community Activities [Reportback]
Band selection meeting, for Hampshire Halloween, happened this past weekend, and CoCA will have a big group meeting tomorrow with Event Services and the CLA to go over some more discussions of how things are going to work on Halloween.

The representative was not prepared to explain CoCA's budget, for the semester, so at the next Community Council meeting, we will need to have the financial director from CoCA come in and explain it for us to then vote on it. Next week, however, we are not meeting, so this will not be decided on for another two weeks.

Financial Committee [Reportback]

Changes in ficom bylaws, mainly pertaining to officer positions happened. We will discuss these sorts of things further in our small working meetings, as we will be discussing what the requirements are for different members. Therefore, whatever changes come of those working groups will be the official changes to membership.

Committee on Community Development

[Reportback]

There are repairs that need to be done on the mobile solar panel that was constructed by students last year. There was an incident in which a truck ran over the equipment, so now it needs a new battery and other miscellaneous repairs.

CoCD was contacted by Health Services concerning a Student Health Board and its need for a student representative. They contacted Liz and CoCD and they will discuss this after their next meeting. This will go well with the incorporation of safety into CoCD.

Working Meeting Time

GROUP 1

This group will be working on the purview of the combined COCD, SafeCom and Tech Committee taking any documents that are online or in the

office and just starting with lists of things that that committee's responsibilities would entail. This should also take into consideration things like funding, as CoCD receives \$20k and SafeCom gets \$500 dollars – both per semester. Also, how would one apply for funding to that committee?

GROUP 2

Very specifically, this group will construct responsibilities for the officer positions of the subcommittees. Model this off of each of the group's bylaws and what was written up in previous Community Council meetings. Once this has been completed, these could be taken back into the group meetings, voted on, and put into practice.

GROUP 3

Using some of the lists that have already been brainstormed, this group will come up with requirements of non-officer members of Community Council – including housing, at-large, and SOURCE representatives. This will be voted on at our next meeting.

GROUP 4

The President's Office has a couple of initiatives to which they've tasked Community Council, or have asked for Community Council to be involved. For example, making changes to a Vending Services survey, figuring out what to do with the membership positions that haven't been filled for Board of Trustees Committees.

The Communications Officer will work on posters for the all-student/all-house meetings. These should include things that we've discussed at previous All-Community Meetings.

Officially Unofficial Super Alpha Untested Made in a Day The Omen Role Playing Game

Sky Reid-Mills

Stuffs you will need:

A copy of The Omen for everyone (try different copies for added variety)

A copy of The Climax

Bunch of 6 sided dice or software equivalent

Writing implement

Something to write on (this could be your copy of The Omen)

Basic, General, RPG rules: if it adds fun do it, use common sense.

GM sets up and narrates a general scene. Players say what they want their characters to do in the scene. Play goes back and forth until someone tries to do something that has a chance to fail or generally is at odds with someone or something in the scene. Then the dice fly.

First everyone (players and gm) turn to a random page in The Omen and writes down something there that looks fun to play with. Next everybody shares what they wrote down. Have a group discussion on what was presented and how it could all fit together. Whatever your group comes up with is the setting of the game. Use it to derive ideas for characters, encounters, or anything else you need.

Make characters: refer to the "editor" list. Select a name. This is your character. The quote is the beginning of your motivation and back story. Next turn to a random page in the Omen. Read and look it over. Next circle, underline, mark, or whatever 5 different words, phrases, images, etc. that stand out to you. These are your characters traits. They should probably be flexible enough that you can bring each of them into play multiple times in a given session.

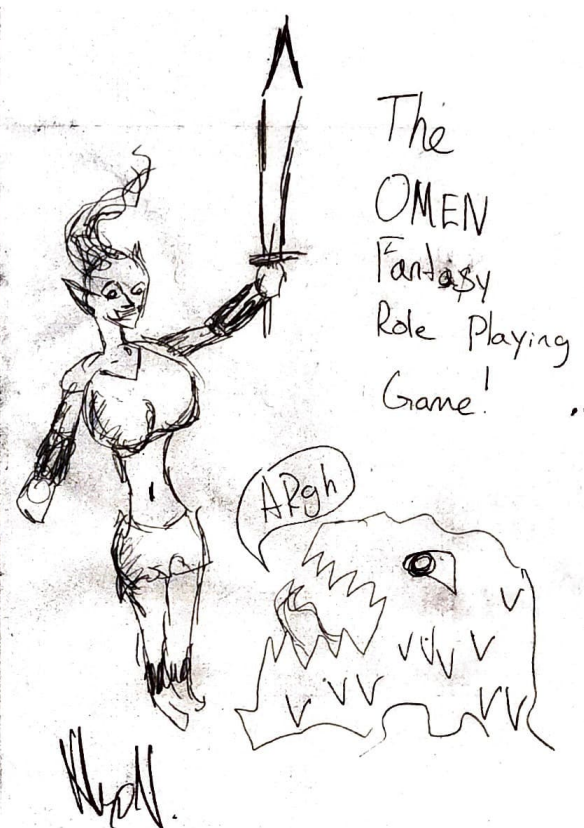
The gm should randomly flip to and note about 4-6 (depending on game length) articles in a copy of The Climax (or other successor newspaper). Pull out a few interesting articles. These will be the locations, themes, and general inspiration for the scenes in the game. Within each article note down several (again 4-6) items that could be obstacles for the players. In the same way jot down several traits (1-2 for minor obstacles, 3-4 for moderate, 5-6 for a challenges, 7+ to be mean) for each. These could be traits for people (angry, good with a can opener) or just general trouble (avalanche: fast moving, cold, rumbling)

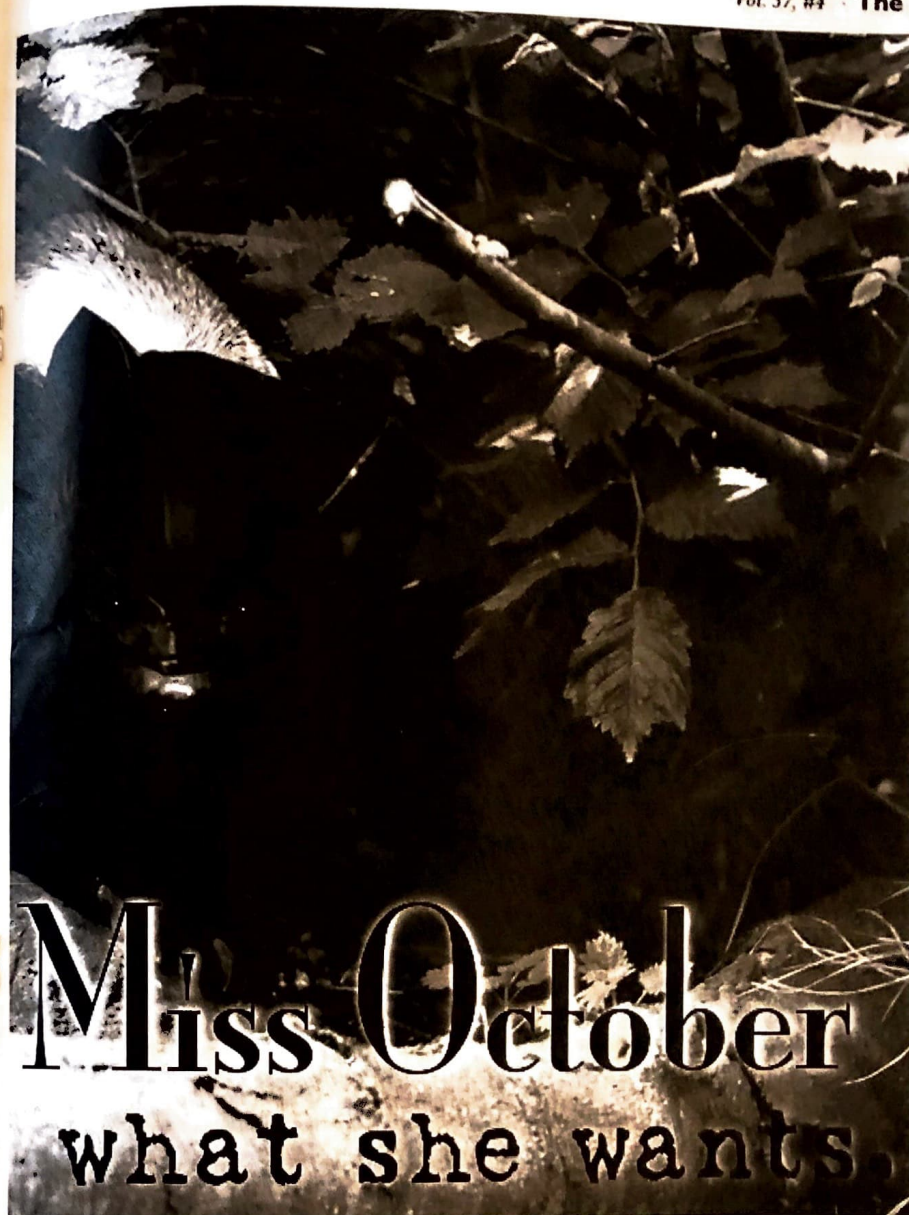
Conflict: all the participants roll a d6. Before they are rolled each participant gives a short summary (a quick sentence or two, no more) of what they are attempting to do. Each time they manage work one of their traits in this summary they get another d6 added to their role. Whoever wins narrates the outcome for everyone involved. If a situation could potentially cause excessive harm (physical or mental) then the person who wins the conflict can elect to do damage to anyone involved in the conflict (though usually you'll just damage you opponent). When you choice to damage someone you give up the ability to narrate the conflict's outcome. Instead whoever you chose to damage (this could be multiple people) gets to narrate the the outcome for their characters but must work the damage into the narrative. When they are done this they choose one of the traits on the character or obstacle that

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was damaged and cross it out. It can no longer be used in the game (it doesn't add dice if you use it in a summary of what you intend to do). Anyone (or anything) that runs out of traits is out of the game (the reason will be up to the owner of the character, since they will be the last person to narrate).

Controversy Points: Each player starts with 10 controversy points. A player can spend one controversy point to interject in any narration (either the general gm's narration or anyone's conflict resolution narration). This should be limited to several sentences.

I didn't edit this. Like at all. Anyway you (yes you) should play with your friends (yes those friends) and send comments to ser11@hampshire.edu. And remember to submit everything you write down to the Omen. ●





Miss October
Does what she wants.

Yet Another Sexy Honeybadger Submission by Fiona Stewart-Taylor

Report on This Week's Pizza With the President

Greg Larsen

I decided to be a Good And Involved Hampshire Student this past week and attended Pizza With The President (10/17). Since it was kind of underattended, I thought that I would perform a service to all of the members of the Hampshire Community who weren't there by providing a full and comprehensive report of the evening.

At 7.30, the doors to the Prescott were opened. Unlike the posters led me to believe, the president's head was not, in fact, on a platter. We arranged the chairs in an inclusive circle, and it was not long at all before Jonathan Lash, President of Hampshire College, arrived. He handed out some papers. Without meaning to, I thanked him in a comically bad Australian accent when he handed me mine. I don't think he noticed, though. I noticed a Sodexo drink dispenser and got up to grab cups of whatever it was for my friend and I. It tasted sort of like some kind of citrus blend Kool-Aid. Depending on who you ask, it may have been fizzy. Maybe Flavor-Aid? Not the finest moment of the night. No, dear readers, that will come later on. Eventually, things settled and we sat in suspense and hunger for a few minutes as we talked about things.

Then, I saw someone outside with a telltale stay-warm container bag. The person who seems to have been the Tavern Monitor went outside and spoke with him. The conversation continued outside, but I knew that the real action was coming in through the door. And then, there it was - they brought the pizza over and put it on the table next to the counter where they have coffee sometimes apparently. The discussion of things with the president continued for a few brief minutes, with many of the attendees restlessly looking about and considering standing up to get pizza but not being sure whether that'd be socially acceptable or not. Finally, though, J.Lash proposed that we break and get pizza. And that, dear readers, is what we did.

There were six party pizzas from Bruno's there. I must admit, I was a bit disappointed at first - I'd been expecting Sibley's, having been a wholehearted and enthusiastic consumer of their products at CS Wednesday talks last

year before my Amherst class crushed my dreams for the semester and made it impossible for me to attend. Even so, I was surprised and impressed by the quality of the pizza. Most of my experiences with Bruno's party pizzas have been the morning after one was left out in my lounge last year after my hallmates ordered it with toppings I didn't like as I was off doing whatever it was I was doing last year. I reimbursed them, of course, but it wasn't always \$0.75 well spent.

So there we were - us and the pizzas. Six strong, they were.

1. There was a vegan pizza there. Dear readers, I paid little heed of it - it's quite inconsiderate to consume vegan pizza if you're decidedly omnivorous and there are numerous options afforded you. Toward the night's end, only meat-ed and cheese-ed pizza was available. It was probably a sad, sad sight for the vegans who I assume were there maybe. I never asked.

2. There was a pepperoni pizza, located at the far end of the table. Slightly neglected, due both to its location and its inclusion of meat. And, just maybe, this was almost justified. It was a pepperoni pizza, all right - nothing more and nothing less. I had some, but it was not especially memorable. Fairly good, but you never remember it when you eat fairly good pizza, do you?

3. The third pizza was tomato basil, and despite my desire to avoid ruining vegetarians' evenings, I still took it and enjoyed it. It was with a heavy heart, dear readers. And yet, it was an enjoyable and worthwhile experience. The basil kind of hung halfway out of the cheese, being a bit dry when it stuck too far out of the cheese. But that was all right. That was all right.

4 +5. There was a veggie lover's pizza, and in fact, there was also a second one. I do not know how they tasted, but some of my less meat-inclined friends had their share. One, who also happens to be in this very room with me as I compose this article, gave me his input: the vegetables, dear readers, were slightly overcooked. The sorrow!

6. Buffalo chicken pizza, with onion, was also there. After the meeting's end, it was the only pizza left, and as such I shall leave it to the end of the article to write up.

And then, after we all got our pizza, we sat, sat, sat, and ate, ate, ate. The discussion was about student governance, choosing a new dean of faculty, and whether it made sense and was worthwhile to hold elections or not. Due to transparency issues and two very hard-working students, we are holding elections. There's a form somewhere, and at the time of publication, it is probably closed. Still, look into that.

And oh, the times we had. I forget precisely where the conversation went. Something like half of Community Council was there, for whatever that's worth. The assumption among many there seemed to be that everyone who was there cared about such affairs, and that only the people who were there cared about such affairs. I was there primarily to consume pizza and observe Hampshire College's executive whatsits in action, dear readers, and consume pizza and observe is what I did. Be more active, Hampshire! Student governance is only comprised of decisions made in would-be-smoky rooms by people who often need not even mount a campaign for their election because student engagement is so low. Fix that. Get angry. No, not that angry! Chill out and then run for something or something. Turnout is terrible for elections and not enough people run, so basically anyone can get onto Community Council if they feel like it and can get a few more people than are present at your average layout meeting for this glorious publication to vote for them. This isn't democracy, kids. They're apparently throwing large portions of it out next semester. Engage better, damn it!

But yes, dear readers, the pizza. I was opposed, on moral and spiritual grounds, to barbeque chicken pizza, and onions usually aren't too hot, either. When the conversation drew to a close, though, I was left unsatisfied by the amount of food that I'd consumed. So I was left with no option but to violate every value I held about everything and eat a piece of the barbecue chicken pizza. But a funny thing happened when I ate it.

I bit off a piece, and there was a surprising lack of barbecue sauce or bleu cheese which belong nowhere near pizza ever. The onions were subtle. Subtle! And the chicken, dear readers, was actually pretty tasty. Imagine

that! So it was an unexpectedly blissful experience. Indeed, it all was. Thanks, Pizza With The President. I'll never forget you! For those of you who didn't go, they're having some kind of conversation about an "alternative conflict resolution" person who did stuff here once to do some stuff again, complete with that person being there. Come by, if you feel like it. ☹



I am now that person.

by Rachel Kate Ithen

Yes, I am that person. It took me twenty years, ten months, and five days to realize I have become the type of person... who likes to hang out with their parents.

Of course I realize this when I'm away at college, away from my parents and in a place in my life where I'm expected to call my college my home and say I'm going to "visit my parents" when I go back to the place that has been my real home for the majority of my life.

But my parents are kinda cool... right? When they told me over family and friends weekend that they were too tired to come to Excalibur with me, I was almost... disappointed. *gasp*

Okay, you all think I'm the biggest nerd right now. Haters gonna hate.

But in all seriousness, when I was overwhelmed with being screwed over not once, but twice, this semester by financial aid, mixed in with the stress of my school work and spending all my time in the film/photo building smelling like chemicals, my mom was making phone calls and sending e-mails and making sure I was happy and that I could keep my work study aid and that I could properly e-checkin. And it's not like she had free time to do this, either. She's working as a teacher, and currently teaches classes both during the day and at night (and that doesn't even count working on the syllabus and grading papers and whatnot... a teacher's job is not over at 3pm).

And although my intention was never to follow in the footsteps of what my dad does and what my sister majored in, I still am grateful that my dad can send me back to school with film holders for 4x5 cameras and a tripod and a light meter and books about photography. I guess you could say I'm spoiled, but I don't take my advantages for granted, at least.

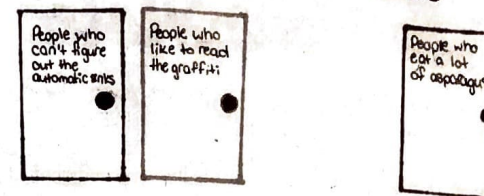
And I understand that not everyone here (or everyone anywhere) has a good family life. Some people are glad to call Hampshire their home, and that makes me all warm and fuzzy inside, and I'm glad that they've been given the opportunity to get away from what sucked and find what rocks for them. But I think I'm just coming to realize that my parents rock.

This story doesn't really have a point. But I'll make it have one. As corny as it is. Everyone who's reading this should go find someone who cares about them, who genuinely cares for them and for their happiness and sanity and safety. It doesn't have to be a parent or relative or anything like that. Just someone who cares about you. And you can't use the excuse of "there's no one like that in my life." I don't buy it... that there's not one person you can think of. Think of that person, and thank them. Say "thank you," or just hug them, or high-five them, or be all like "yo, you're awesome!" Because the world could use a little more caring.

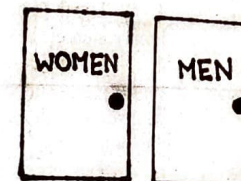
We will now return to your regularly scheduled Omen page.

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Restroom signs that make sense



Restroom signs that don't make sense



Lucy Smith
9-2-11

Submitted by Lucy Smith



Section: Hate

Now known as Section Prato

Ten Dreams (by the same)

I Will Be With Her Olivia Prato

Whithersoever
You end up to wither,
I will be with her.



Olivia Prato

1. I want to have a music box that plays a music box version of the lullaby from Pan's Labyrinth.
2. I want a flower garden full of morning glories, yellow roses, rainbow pansies, foxgloves, honeysuckle, white daisies, those daisies with dark centers/a ring of red/yellow tips, bluebells, bleeding hearts, daffodils, rainbow variety mums, grape hyacinth, a forsythia bush, and verbinum tinus.
3. I want to sing "Perfect Day," the song sung by Miriam Stockley as the main title song of BBC's adaptation of Beatrix Potter's stories The World of Peter Rabbit and Friends, in front of an audience with a partner to play the guitar.
4. I want to make/assemble the outfit of the guy in the black boots with the flute who walks by in the background of the village scene in Tangled, distracting Rapunzel from her thoughts about the royal family mosaic wall. While wearing this outfit, I will sit on a stone wall.
5. I want a painting of a sleeping dog or cat (preferably cat) on a child's made bed with squares of sunlight or moonlight from the four-paned window touching its back.
6. I want to go on a one-person sailing trip.
7. I want to book a night to myself at my favorite bed and breakfast, The Artful Lodger.
8. I want to own one of those giant gnomes from the gift shop at Rock City in Tennessee.
9. I want to carve my own wooden flute with decorative owls like the one Hagrid makes for Harry in the first book.
10. I want to attend a formal ball, wear a huge ballroom dress, and dance a formal waltz in the center of the ballroom.

Sven picks Dean up from school to go grocery Shopping - Sketch 3 (still Olivia)

I was leaving the front door of school when I saw the truck. A rusty, faded orange old truck. Parked in the closest space. Sven inside, in his pinstripe suit and his fedora with its pathetic rooster feather. He waved lazily at me, like he'd just woken up.

I considered ignoring him and walking home like I usually do. But I stopped dead when I saw him, and Rachel followed my gaze.

"Oh. Is that your uncle?"

"Er, what? Who?"

"Oh. Wow. I thought you were joking about the basket."

"Yeah. I'll see you later."

"Is he picking you up or something?"

"I guess. I don't know. I'll see you tomorrow, okay?"

"Oh. Okay. Bye."

I walked toward the truck without looking at him. I pulled on the door to the passenger seat, but it was locked. I yanked on it, then glared at him. He fumbled around for a whole minute before he remembered how to unlock the goddamn door.

I heard the click and got in.

"Hey, Kid, you've gotta stop looking so mad all the time, people'll start saying you're grumpy or something. Here, I got a grocery list. I got paid today. We're going to the grocery store."

"Fine."

We had to put the huge basket on my lap so I could sit in the seat. It was empty—just a few crumbs of white cheese on the ragged dishcloth he leaves in there. Still tied to his right wrist with that white string. "Why am I coming?"

"I want you to pick out some stuff for yourself. Here, here's a pencil. Write some stuff down in your spot."

I took the list and pencil. Here was what Sven had scrawled onto the back of a crumpled overdue library book notice:

Me

Bread
Apples
Oranges
Cheese
Meat
Port
Cigars

Kid?

"Figure you're getting tired of apples," he said as he drove.

"I like apples."

"Yeah, but you're getting tall you know. Your Dad was real tall. Not as tall as me, but he was tall. You're gonna be tall. Tall guys need meat and bread and stuff, but you don't like mine. Tall guys need cigars, too, but I don't want you having those yet."

"I don't eat much."

"Yeah?"

"I just don't get hungry sometimes. It's not a big deal. I like apples."

"Just write down what you eat at home. When you're with your Mom. Write down what she likes to cook for you."

I sighed and I wrote down apples. I watched him drive. Whenever he had to make a hard left turn, his right wrist pulled on the string and lifted the basket up a bit. ☹

Our Poison

(Written with Flyleaf's "All Around Me"
stuck firmly in my head)

My hands float up above me
You tell me that you love
I wonder what you're doing here
You lean and whisper in my ear.

A wonder that you live
When queen has left her rift
You finally come, your sorry face
It's funny, I can't find a place
For you.

When will I find water running
Save me from the thorn that tears me
Holding on and going nowhere
Whispering that time has healed

And so I die

The light is bright
I am a bride
But not tonight.

When words are swaying to and fro
It pays in gold to know a glow
Like yours and waterlily's kind
If you were kind to me,
Kind all the time
Not just now
But all the time
Then maybe I wouldn't
Be hurt
right now.

I can feel you
Getting closer.
Hold on tight,
My pretty knife.
We will find
The lake together
Else we two
shall die tonight.

I wonder if you even care that lilies
Here can never grow again.
It was your posion,
And you know it.
But do you care?
I think you don't.

So if that matters little so
Then you won't care
If my poison goes
Into your stupid ale and water
Down the hatch
Tonight.

My hands float up above me
And you still say you love me
Well
Take my hand and give it to me,
You said all your
Death was over
When will you just
Fucking listen
Take it to the pond,

You clerk

I can feel you
Going nowhere
Dragging me there
By the apron.
Holding on to what you're feeling
As you say the word
That lets
Me go.

If I said I loved you today,
Would you still love me tomorrow?
If I still loved you the day before,
Might you then love me today?

And all of the world
Says I love you tomorrow,
So I'll see no love here
Anyway. ☹

A Close Reading of the First Few Pages of Twilight

(Best read alongside the first
few pages of Twilight)

The chapter title is First Sight. As a reader opening up a book to start reading a story, I'd damn well better get a first sight of something.

The first sentence: My mother drove me to the airport with the windows rolled down. We start off with a good old case of "Let's mention a totally meaningless detail to distract from the independent clause, in which the actual information I was trying to get across is revealed. But no, no it's not that I couldn't think of a better way to say This Is The Setting. Of course not. It really is important that the window is rolled down. She likes air. She's a teenager. That's what teenagers like. Air.

Then we move on to the weather. I don't care about the weather, unless you're a weather goddess or it's a perfect

sunny day with cherry blossom petals flying and you're caressing a corpse or something. I also don't happen to care about your clothes. Unless, again, it's a wedding dress and you're making love to a corpse. (Oh, wait, forget the corpse jokes—you will be, won't you? Dang.) Farewell gesture. You're leaving. Okay. Sentimental pretty shirt. Okay. Not hooked yet. Okay, parka. All you got. You're folksy? Economic? Poor?

Olympic! Peninsula! Northwest Washington State! Small town! Named Forks! Okay—town. Setting. Got it. And after all those directions, you need to make sure I know that the place is cloudy. To be specific, there hangs above it a near-constant cover of clouds.

So it's cloudy.

Again—weather? Don't care. I have weather here too. It's cloudy here too. No, not with a near-constant cover of clouds, but that isn't quite enough to make me sit up in my chair. You're losing me, here.

"It rains more on this..." Wait, INCONSEQUENTIAL? Do you WANT me to leave? I don't happen to care about "inconsequential" things. What are you trying to do here? Gloomy, okay. Got it. I'm gloomy enough in my own world. Does she have, I don't know, merits? Personality? Emotions? Throw me a bone here. A fishhook. Something.

Mother escaped with you. Aha! Tell me why, please—sorcerer father? World-dominating grandfather? Mob of townspeople? Witchhunters?

What's that? You just happen to have a mildly uncomfortable divorce setup? Okay. Oh, I get it; relatable. I see what you did there. Okay.

You're losing me here.

Ohhhh, I see that, too. Fourteen years...past three summers....you're seventeen. That was underhanded, man. Very smooth.

Exiling yourself. How self-sacrificing of you. Why?

(Sorcerer step-father? World-dominating grandfather? Mob of townspeople?)

I don't know how often people "take action with horror." You can do it with pride! Maybe! You can get the horror. That works. You can take action with trepidation. But horror is more reactionary. "Horrified" yeah, it's reactionary. Disgust or dread would have worked. Yeah. Dread.

Your description of what you like about Phoenix doesn't exactly make me doubt you've been there...but it makes me doubt you've actually lived there. Wouldn't you miss specific things? Things with names? Like, friends? Maybe your school? Corner stores where you always went when you were a kid? Cactuses you talked to when you were sad? I've never been to Phoenix, so I have nothing to offer here. That was supposed to come from you.

Also, why are you leaving again? It's the mob of townspeople, isn't it? Please?

Wow, even your mom thinks you're self-sacrificing. Is it the sorcerer step-father?

Apparently not, unless Phil is the nanny. Is your mother a bunny? Okay, so you're maternal. Isn't this the woman who ran away with you to escape the witch hunters? That seems at least competent enough to provide sustenance for herself on a daily basis. Maybe you are poor.

You're a bad liar. A bad, self-sacrificing liar. And yet, your toddler for a maternal figure believes you.

You can come home whenever you like. Mom will come back if you want. Wait, where's mom going?

Oh, I get it. Plot secret. Hush hush.

OH MERCY now MOM is being self-sacrificing. Well, aren't we a cute little bunch here. Like Momma like daughtta. Except daughtta's got it...more together, for some reason? DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME MOM I SELF-SACRIFICE. LOOK AT ME GO.

Phoenix. Seattle. Port Angeles. Forks. Four hours. Two hours. One hour. How can you possibly expect

me to care about these things? Does the plane have only enough oxygen for three hours? Where's the TENSION? Right now my prospects are to read about a snarky little maternal seventeen-year-old who's about to go live with a dad she has mildly awkward issues with in a town that rains a lot. The only reason I could possibly have to keep going is the awareness that this is so boring it's probably an I'm-so-smart ploy by the author, pretending that things are fine when suddenly something actually interesting will happen. Hint: boring your readers so much they're sure something else has got to happen in such a big book does not equate with a compelling hook.

Wait. I spoke too soon. She might be getting a car.

Poor dear. Already said her goodbyes to the sun. My heart bleeds.

Scarcity of funds. I knew it. And yet, it's a dependent clause slapped onto "My primary motivation behind BUYING A CAR." So either the author is completely brainless and unapologetic, or she had a summer job. That was probably what filled that hungry mouth, her mother, all those years.

Nothing slows down traffic like a cop? Oh, the wit.

Automatically caught and steadied you. I had to backtrack for that one. So you're clumsy. Thank god, I was waiting for a personality trait. Oh, wait. That isn't one.

Your clothes, your clothes, your clothes (they're unsuitable for rain).

Your car, your car, your car (it's old).

We don't express our emotions out loud. So we're all stuck in a car with two emotionless people who don't talk. Don't hold your breath for riveting dialogue. Which was all I had to hope for at this point. Nope, that's lie. I wasn't that hopeful.

Oh, AND it's impossible that you'll be happy here. No aspirations. No nothing. GOD, have you a NERVOUS

...I'm at least? If we tried to tell you, would you at least be interesting about it?

...which—more self-sacrificing. Poor Charles. No need for him to suffer. I don't know. Really, I don't know what it is, but he can possibly have led in his life now that you're together. What would you think about paying him his due? It's a lost cause.

It is embarrassed by your thanks. Did you get that folks? Charles was embarrassed by Robert thanks. His own kind of feelings.

Alright, this is the last straw. Now you're telling—not even showing, but telling—about how the two of you talked about the weather. That's it, I'm out.



submitted by Stephen Morton

Section: Lies

The Cambridge Tales

by David Axel Kurtz

BECAUSE THERE IS LIFE AFTER HAMPSHIRE

(for certain values of 'life')

(and 'after Hampshire')



<http://www.kickstarter.com/projects/davekov/the-cambridge-tales>

Mysterious Door Art Vol. 37, #4 · The Omen
Submitted by Jonathan R. Gardner

LOL
WUT
AT THAT
You should
tell me who
you are,
cause that's
pretty
rude sure.



Draw your own sign
for my room!

(no dicks, please) ← You know I have to draw
a vagina now, right?

I didn't
have the
time. Please
draw it
or as a
sign for
the door.

The

So

WAGGON !!!